THE EVENING TIMES.

FRANK A. MUNSEY

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ONE OF THE CITY'S NEEDS.

In some way it should be made possible for the Street Cleaning Department of Washington to remove unusual quantities of snow and ice from those thoroughfares where the accumulation acts as a blockade to traffic. Heavy snowstorms are rare in this city. The recent one was the worst since the blizzard of 1899. Because these storms are infrequent there is little preparation for them, and the general public is taken unawares and greatly inconvenienced when they do come.

Owing to the peculiar wording of the emergency bill, recently passed, only the gutters and street crossings can be cleared of snow and ice. There is no money available for removing snow from other portions of the streets, however much it may hamper traffic and general business.

Steps should be taken to make it certain that in the future the snow fund shall not be involved in red tape and shall be available for cleaning the thoroughfares wherever necessary to serve the best interests of the Capital City.

Is the Trial Jury System to be Condemned?

BY A. H. HUMMEL.

It May Not Work Miracles, but Who Will Suggest Something Better?

Trial by jury is based upon the principle of essential fairness. It is bound to retain its public favor, as, notwithstanding all its glaring and familiar defects, no other system has ever been devised which is not open to similar or greater strictures. While there is always a possibility that twelve men who sit in judgment on a case may err—for "to err is human"—the probabilities are that substantial justice, right, and common sense will prevail, that the chaff will be duly sifted from the wheat, and that the verdict of a jury will be the logical sequence of the testimony.

In New York the juries are the sole judges of the facts involved in civil and criminal proceedings; they receive the law from the court, after all the evidence has been presented to them and after they have heard the arguments pro and con, and they make surprisingly few mistakes. Litigants in the civil tribunals realize that juries are the bulwarks of their safety, that one man may always be swayed by passion or prejudice, but that where twelve, familiar with all that is to be said, come to an agreement after a secret conference and deliberation, they are generally on the side of fair play.

Jury trial has become inextricably interwoven with the people's habits and could not be abolished without working a social revolution. The essence of the system is a reference of disputed facts to the impartial judgment of a few men of average understanding and of nearly the same station in life as the persons involved in the difference. This germ of the trial by jury is found in almost every form of civilization.

Where there is no dispute in facts there is no need for a jury; but as soon as an issue arises it is well to submit it to impartial citizens who are not interested in the result and who may be relied upon to right a wrong and to give redress.

Any one individual might doubt the propriety of passing judgment unassisted where issues of fact are very complicated. A jury may be relied upon to get at the truth where all other means would fail. When twelve sensible men agree I am ever willing to believe that they have decided according to the weight of the evidence, and this, by the way, does not indicate a superior number of witnesses, but the superior quality of the testimony. The dishonest man dreads a jury, as his chance of hoodwinking twelve men is small; the honest man need have no fear.

Where the question in a suit involves the assessment of damages for physical injuries for a breach of promise of marriage or for some other cause that cannot be actually measured in dollars and cents, the result is liable to vary to an extraordinary extent, and yet it is generally satisfactory.

In a criminal court the prosecution is wisely bound to prove the guilt of the accused, beyond a reasonable doubt, in the minds of each one of the twelve jurors, and there can be no conviction unless this is done. We have not the convenient form of Scotch verdict, "not proven;" and the jury must find a man "guilty" or "not guilty," providing they are able to agree.

The prerogative of mercy does not belong to the modern jury, and verdicts of "not guilty" may follow certain trials where the defendant was proven guilty, but under such circumstances that he was entitled to sympathy, or justified in his act, according to the unwritten code of the people.

Our jury system may not always work miracles, but let anyone who assails it suggest first some other means of "cutting the Gordian Knot" in legal controversies.

THE LADY AT BREAKFAST

All the Breakfast Table Evils Have Not Gone Out With Curl Papers.

Lovely woman is not always a vision of delight at the first meal of the day, although the time has gone by, in most places, when curl papers were in vogue at breakfast.

But even without these detriments, woman has ways of disfiguring the breakfast table. Some take to unholy wrappery arrangements which are enough to make any husband think charitably of bachelor quarters with breakfast at a restaurant. There is no absolute reason why a wrapper should not be neat or even dainty. Laces and ribbons are not for the woman who has to do a part or all of her own work, but she can always have a little white about her throat, although she is wearing a flannel wrapper, and this garment may be made to fit and the white apron, fortunately, is still with us, to preserve an air of trimness.

The opponents of easy dress will advocate the shirtwaist. This garment is at once the comfort and the curse of women. It is a comfort from motives of economy, and it is a desirable garment when once you get it on. But a woman who does not wish to give an illustration of a dissolution of continuity must pin herself down in many spots. And this is a labor of time, when breakfast must be on the table promptly and the baby has been wakeful and there has been a last nap that has shortened the time for bathing and dressing. After all, the woman is not so much to blame for the wrapper.

But, as I have said, the wrapper may be neat. That costume is infinitely better than those adorning some worthy souls who wear out their old finery in the morning. The half worn silk skirt that is too shabby for afternoon, the silk waist that was pretty when it was new, but is past worthy now, are too frequently seized upon for breakfast wear. It is a mistake. Such garments are absolutely out of place at the breakfast table. If they cannot be used as they are for afternoon wear on stormy days when no visitors are coming in and when they can be made fresh in appearance by some little expedient, if they cannot be cleansed, if they are past making over, commend them to the rag bag.

I know this is not so simple as it sounds. The mere fact that a waist is wearable is often an irresistible temptation to the woman who must economize in order that she and her children may have the new garments they really need or that she may replace articles that the household have worn out or broken. Few women like to be untidy—if they stop to think about it.

But outing flannel is cheap, and washable, and if made into neat breakfast sacks or wrappers will serve every purpose as an early morning costume. And white collars and aprons are not expensive. There are many things everyone buys that cost more money and bring in less as an investment.

WHY ATTORNEY GENERAL KNOX WAS ANGRY.

Attorney General Knox, while practicing in Pittsburg, was one of the busiest lawyers in America. A few years ago he was much put out because he had to accept a fee of $50,000. A friend met him as he was leaving the office. Knox was swearing mad. "What's it all about this time?" asked the friend. "I have been knocked out of a trip to Egypt. My folks wanted me to make an argument in a case, and I told them I could not be here. They told me to fix my price, and I said $50,000, thinking that would put them out of the notion. It did not. They took me up and my plans are all upset."—Kansas City Journal.

She Knew.

Mother-in-Law—I see where some legislator proposes to tax men for their wives.

New Daughter-in-Law—That would make a tremendous increase in the taxes.

Mother-in-Law—Yes; for a few years.—Baltimore American.

LIFE'S SEASONS.

Ven you shwing oud on der gate
Mit der best girl dot Gott made,
Vispiring secrets shweet und late.
Dot's Spring.

Ven in dot oldt church grand,
Mit quaking knees you shtand,
Holding nerfously her hand.
Dot's Summer.

Ven der sunshine leaves der years,
Und der's fewer shmiles den tears,
Bisness drubbles, deaths und fears.
Dot's Autumn.

Ven your eyes don'd seem so pright,
Und your hair is shnowy vite,
Vaiting for der world's Good-Night.
Dot's Vinter.

—F. P. Pitzer.

A Dangerous Weapon.

"Why is it," asked the person in search of information, "that a hatchet is so often used as a symbol of truth? Has it any other origin than the George Washington story?"

"Oh, yes," replied the cynical person. "A hatchet is suggestive of truth because you are likely to do a great deal of mischief with it unless you handle it with care."—Chicago Tribune.

The Player Folk.

"Theatregoers have been educated up to a high standard of historical accuracy in recent productions," said Otis Skinner not long ago. "I can give you a good illustration of this fact by comparing Lawrence Barrett's production of 'Francesca da Rimini' with the current presentation of Mr. Boker's play which I am using. Mind you, I am comparing the two productions merely from a pictorialstandpoint. When Mr. Barrett did 'Francesca' actors were always expected to provide their own dresses, and the wardrobe worn in his production was of an extremely nondescript character. I happen to have in my possession a photograph of an old group from the play, and I think it would be instructive to frame it alongside a group from the present production. The costumes in the old photograph are palpably of the 'fakiest' description. My own dress, as Paolo, which I thought magnificent at the time, looks as if it were compounded of old awning strips. The costume belonged to no period in the world's history. Mr. Barrett dressed Lanciotto in Elizabethian fashion. Think of that! Lanciotto togged out in the clothes worn in the days of good Queen Bess! Wilton Lackaye, as the Cardinal, wore a very handsome Richelieu dress. If he had been playing the same part in Bulwer Lytton's drama his dress would have been correct. In 'Francesca di Rimini' however, it was just a century amiss. I remember one night when Lackaye, who wore immense cuffs as the Cardinal, had to play with one of his hands behind his back every time he was before the audience. He had lost one of his big cuffs!"

* * *

The New York and Philadelphia papers have recently spoken in flattering terms of the work of a Washington actor, Fenwick Leach, with Homer Lind in Willard Holcomb's musical playlet, "Gringoire." Mr. Leach is one of the cleverest players that has ever gone from Washington to seek fame and fortune on the stage and his latest success will be very gratifying to his legion of friends here. Much of the credit for the excellent annual performances by the Carroll Institute Dramatic Club was due to his efforts, and when he first went on the professional stage he had the distinction to play important parts and direct the stage for the late Mlle. Rhea. Mr. Leach won much success as the main support of Lillian Burkhart, and of his performance in "Gringoire" one critic recently said: "Mr. Leach plays the uncongenial and difficult role of the barber with rare good taste, intelligence, and consistency, making the part one of the conspicuous roles in the play."

PEARL LANDERS.
An Important Member of "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast" Company.

French Opera Season.

Washington will have a season of opera after all, and through the efforts of Manager Berger, of the Lafayette Theatre. Realizing the demand for the higher class of musical entertainment at prices less exorbitant than those demanded by the management of the Metropolitan Opera Company, Mr. Berger opened negotiations with the Royal French Opera company, of New Orleans, with the result that the week of March 3 will be given over to a repertoire of grand opera at the Lafayette Theatre, while the members of the resident stock company will be granted a week's rest. The company that will occupy the stage of the Lafayette is one which is supported in New Orleans three months during the year by popular subscription, and it is said that the personnel includes a number of artists of high standing who are admirably fitted, vocally and dramatically, to interpret the scores of great masters. Eight performances will be given here, and among the operas to be presented will be "Romeo and Juliet," "Aida," "The Barber of Seville," "Faust" "Carmen," "Rigoletto," "The Huguenots," and "The Daughter of the Regiment." While the opera company is at the Lafayette the Bellows stock company will continue its rehearsals for the subsequent week.

* * *

Those who saw the production of "The Little Minister" by Maude Adams will undoubtedly remember the little French maid, Felice, who, with the chic of her countrywomen and the curiosity peculiar to her sex, learned the secret of Lady Babbie's mysterious absences from home and likewise the identity of the little gypsy maid. The actress who originated the role of Felice and played it during the long engagement of Miss Adams in the play is Margaret Gordon, who is now appearing at the National with Virginia Harned in "Alice of Old Vincennes." Miss Gordon is cast for the role of Nanette St. Piere, a part which was written in the play by the dramatist, Edward E. Rose, but which did not figure in the original story by Maurice Thompson. However, Nanette fits in the play as easily and gracefully as if she were as much a part of the life of the little Indiana town as Alice herself.

"I feel that the most and best part of my stage career has been spent in the support of Miss Adams," says Miss Gordon. "I played the French maid in 'The Little Minister,' and last season had a good part in 'L'Aiglon.' I made my professional debut with 'Too Much Johnson,' Mr. Gillette's clever comedy, and was with the Empire stock company in several of its productions. When Mrs. Bloodgood retired from Annie Russell's support I replaced her in the role of Mrs. Percival Kingsearl in 'Miss Hobbs.' I am very anxious to do something good and to get up to the top, but, then, everybody wants to do that, so there's nothing original in the idea. I want to go abroad, too, in spite of all the talk of the 'American invasion' and the reputed failure of so many American productions in London."

THE ART OF MAKING PEOPLE LAUGH

By DE WOLF HOPPER.

The surest rule of success is to make people laugh with you, rather than at you.

How many people appreciate the seriousness of being funny? I believe the average theatregoer seldom gives a thought to the effort involved in the process of laugh-making, and yet the comedian, to be truly successful, must not only be well endowed with mirth-provoking qualities, but also must bring to bear upon his work the keen mental faculties of imagination and invention.

The first essential feature is the possession of a pleasing personality, and, allied to this, that greatest blessing of human kind—a sense of humor; then, most important of all, a healthy, active mind, ever alert and intent upon the perfection and mastery of his art.

There is nothing quite so hopeful, so far-reaching, so lasting in beneficial effect, as a good, hearty, honest laugh, and yet, among the many fine and subtle human emotions, that of laughter is the most difficult to excite. When one considers the temper of an audience made up, as it is, of representatives from all classes and conditions of life, subject to countless physical ills, varying moods, and the depressing worry and fatigue attendant upon almost every vocation in the life of today, the task before the comedian assumes greater proportions than one is accustomed to attribute to it.

Comedy methods there are innumerable, as widely differentiated in manner as are the various styles of the masters of palette and brush; so, waiving all discussion of theory, let me come straight to the most important, the safest and surest rule for success, which is, in my belief, to make people laugh WITH, rather than at, you.

This is particularly requisite in the sketchy form of entertainment known as burlesque, so popular today, wherein the actor, all unaided by sequence of story, contrast of characters, situation or brilliant dialogue, is solely dependent upon his own resources and must evolve his comic effects out of the exuberance of his spirit, and must utilize the sheer force of his vitality to lift people out of themselves, win them to him and MAKE them laugh.

Some years ago, in the course of a benefit in Chicago, I was standing in the wings watching the performance by Salvini of a scene from "The Gladiator." Needless to say the entire audience was carried away in a wave of wild enthusiasm, and no one could have been more feelingly affected than I was. When the curtain fell, amid thundering applause, the tears streaming down my face, I rushed to the great tragedian to offer him my heartfelt thanks, my thanks in Italian, so much as remained of that mellifluous tongue in a somewhat unretentive memory from schoolboy days. The great man pressed my hand, beamed into my moist eyes and smiling sweetly, said: "My dear boy, your tears speak better than your words."

It was after witnessing this great tragic performance that I began to belittle the uses of comedy, and longed to do something bigger and more noble than I could find within my comic scope. Time went on, however, and no opportunity presented, so with something like discontent in my heart I continued my work in comedy, and it was not until the following incident that I came to sincerely respect my calling as one entitled to be known as an art.

It was in Boston, after a performance, that an old friend, whose brother had been very dear to me, and whose death I had felt very keenly, came to me and said: "Old man, I want to thank you for your work tonight; you know Ed has been dead two years now, and this is the first time mother has been to the theatre since the day he died. I can't say much, but I want to thank you with all my heart, old fellow—you have made her laugh."

It was then I saw the muse of comedy in a new light, and learned that the use of the power of making people laugh was worthy to be cultivated as an art.

IS THE AMERICAN APPETITE JADED?

BY OSCAR TSCHIRKY, Chef at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York.

I am far from being willing to admit that the appetite of the average American is jaded. The Americans are the best eaters in the world—they like the best things, and a great many of them at once, and they pay liberally for what they get, but their appetites are keen rather than jaded. It is true that the Americans are great drinkers of cocktails and other stimulants before their meals, But this is simply a habit. They would enjoy their food just as keenly without their cocktails, and possibly more.

I think I can safely say that the American is as cosmopolitan in his eating as he is in everything else. He is not fussy—not finicky about this or that—but likes everything that is good; and that is why we have to have everything ready for him.

In Europe you will find one restaurant famous for its fish, another renowned for its roast and still a third a favorite place for salad. But here we have to have all of these at one and the same table.

For instance, I serve at this hotel 1,800 dinners a day—all of which are a la carte. In other words, there is a surprise in every order for my cooks. You can readily see what a cosmopolitan bill of fare I must have ready.

It is true that the Americans require better food today than ever before and a caterer must be ever ready with new dishes—novelties, if I may so term them. This is but the general law in all branches of business. Where is the merchant who is not tempting his buyers with novelties, the modiste who is not setting before her patrons new creations? And are not the doctors even inventing new diseases that they may be sure to have a diagnosis for every case presented?

In my profession it is imperative to keep up to date. The Americans are the greatest travelers in the world. They find a roast in London, a salad in Paris and a sherbet in Constantinople, and they demand the same or better at home. I must so tickle their palates that they will be satisfied with my dishes or they will go where they can be satisfied, and some one else will be chosen to do my work.

It is a mistake to think the appetites of my customers are jaded because they desire new things and good things. You will not say of an art connoisseur that his taste was jaded because he admired the best works of art and spurned inferior paintings. Neither would you describe as jaded the taste of the musician who preferred a Beethoven symphony to a popular ragtime air. No one can say, therefore, that the American appetite is jaded because it demands the best of cookery.

WASHINGTON A PLACID CITY.

If the strenuous life be here, as we are bound to assume that it is, it does not obtrude itself. The all-pervading spirit of things visible is one of calm, of cheerfulness, of indifference to the flight of time. The present is everywhere dominant, with its most agreeable face to the front. There is nothing to remind one that yesterday had heaped pledges upon today, or that today is mortgaging the freedom of tomorrow. It is as if a community of 300,000 souls, carved out of the midst of our restless Yankeeland, had shaken off its more serious obligations and voted itself a daily half-holiday.

This suggestion of leisure and recreation is intensified by the width of the highways and the multitude of open spaces, inviting floods of sunshine and pure air. Wherever a street and an avenue intersect, they celebrate their meeting by at least a triangular parklet or two, if not with a more formal circle or square. Grass, trees, and shrubbery revel everywhere in joyous life. Vines spread themselves wantonly over any wall that does not repel their advances, till a commonplace dwelling becomes a castle of living green with arrow-slits and a sally-port. Look in any direction and you have a vista fringed in summer with luxuriant verdure, in winter with a delicate grey lacework of leafless boughs. Statues of the nation's heroes appear at intervals.

From this point the fiery Thomas, reining in his steed, stands clear-cut like a big black cameo against a saffron shell of sky; from that, behold the imperious Scott crossing at a stately walk the arena which bears his name; yonder, see the sombre McPherson through an opening in the grove where his comrades have left him to receive the salutes of posterity. And following with the eye any radial line toward the place where the river makes its great bend one sees the Washington Monument standing guard, a hoary sentinel at the city's water-gate.—Francis E. Leupp, in Scribner's.

CURRENT WIT AND HUMOR.

What's in a Name?

Among those married last Saturday were Thomas Kijanowski and Stanislawa Izedovek, Frank Wiszowaty and Jozefa Holnowska, and John Wisniewski and Julijanna Wichlenska. Much joyski!—Chicago Tribune.

A Leading Question.

Mamma, didn't the missionary say savages don't wear any clothes?

Mother—Yes, dearie.

Edith—Then why did papa put a button in the missionary box?—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Spice of Life.

"They say she has been very successful in her married life."

"Yes. It has been nothing but a succession of honeymoons."—Detroit Free Press.

Complimentary.

He—I heard the other day that I was a great bore.

She—How disagreeable some people are! They're always telling one the truth about oneself.—Detroit Free Press.

The Reason Why.

Tess—Mr. Cadleigh is awfully tall and thin, isn't he?

Jess—Yes, and he looked longer than usual when I saw him on the street today.

Tess—Why?

Jess—Probably because I had on my bicycle bloomers.—Philadelphia Press.

Taking Precautions.

"Why, I didn't know you had weak eyes, Mortimer!" exclaimed his very best girl.

"I haven't," returned Mortimer, earnestly. "I have come to ask your father for your hand tonight, and it is a state's prison offence to strike a person wearing glasses in the eye."—Brooklyn Eagle.

An Apostle of Peace.

"What's the matter with that neighbor of yours? He's raging around like a crazy lion, declaring he'll slaughter the whole family."

"Oh, his children annoy him so that he can't keep his mind on the universal peace pamphlet he is working at."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

What Did She Mean?

"Do you know that Tom kissed me last night?"

"Well, I declare! I hope you sat on him for it."

"Oh, I did, most assuredly."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Gaining Culture.

Kingley—You've been to these literary clubs and metaphysical things for two or three years now, and what does your culture amount to?

Mrs. Kingsley—Don't I know everybody?—Brooklyn Life.

Chances of Success for a Young Man Without Capital Entering the Newspaper Business.

There is no chance in newspaper work today for individualism—Nowadays it is the name of the author, not the article, which counts.

By REPRESENTATIVE AMOS J. CUMMINGS, OF NEW YORK.

A change is coming—Public sentiment will demand intellectual bread and meat, instead of charlotte russes and pousse cafes.

The chances of success of the young man of today who enters the newspaper business without capital are by no means what they were twenty-five or thirty years ago. The whole system of journalism is changed. The trend today is to the grotesque and sensational. I have no fault to find with sensationalism if the news justifies it, but in most cases a newspaper would rather print a page out of a ringworm freshly taken from the skin of a tramp than to print what twenty years ago would have been regarded as most interesting news matter.

There is no chance in newspaper work today for individualism. It is killed out. All descriptions of city life seem to be left out. Reporters are no longer sent to the police courts, and as for the civil courts, which are alive with matters interesting to every family, you will never find a word about the proceedings.

When I was managing editor of the "New York Evening Sun," when that paper started, I did not have a reporter. By engaging men myself and giving them assignments with a view to finding out what they could do, I soon had a magnificent corps of men. While I was thus selecting my staff a tall, lank fellow called on me several days and although I had practically refused to consider his application for a position on the staff, he insisted on talking to me. I finally asked him what he could do, and he told me anything. I then asked him if he knew where Trinity Church was. He nodded assent, and I forthwith told him to go there, climb up the steeple as high as he could get, and after seeing all there was to be seen of the city to write a story. He turned in a column of the finest stuff I ever read, and he turned out to be one of the brightest news gatherers I ever knew. I kept him until I came to Washington. I refer to Morris Perkins.

But there is no chance for the newspaper man nowadays. In those days they worked by piece at $8 a column, and in looking over the paper in the morning I could tell the author of every article by its style. But this is impossible today. I understand that in some newspaper offices the articles of reporters and correspondents are all rewritten. In other words, a man who should write an original report that would attract attention has all the life taken out of it by some "hack" editor in the office.

Charles A. Dana was in the habit, when he came to the "New York Sun" office every morning, of pointing out different reports and asking me who had written them. He kept his eye on these men and frequently selected them himself for special work. Nearly every one became a prominent man. One was Joseph C. Hendricks, afterward a member of Congress, and now president of one of the largest banks of New York city. Another was Oscar S. Straus, later Minister to Turkey.

Horace Greeley kept his eye on the columns of the "New York Tribune" in the same way, and was always attracted by originality in newspaper writing and reporting. It was through Greeley that Bayard Taylor and Albert D. Richardson were developed.

Nowadays the name of an author is considered everything. Prince Henry might write the most infernal bosh that was ever printed, and the newspaper that printed it would not only pay a great sum for it, but would crow over it for months afterward.

I have known since I have been here in Washington of magazines and newspapers printing articles over the signature of Cabinet Ministers, written by newspaper correspondents here in Washington. In one instance the Cabinet officer received $250 for the article and turned the magnificent sum of $20 over to the real author.

A change is coming, whether for the better or for the worse I cannot say. But I am of the opinion that within a very few years a ruddy public sentiment will demand that the newspapers be filled with real intellectual bread and meat, and not with charlotte russes and pousse cafes.

Search for a Pearl.

Mr. Eddy, the American charge d'affaires at Constantinople, possesses a pearl which has had some remarkable adventures. It was given to him when he was eighteen, and is set as a solitaire stud. Two years ago he lost it on the staircase of a big Paris hotel, and after two days it was brought back to him. About five weeks since Mr. Eddy went to the circus, and suddenly noticed the pearl had gone again. He at once advised the circus authorities, who searched the whole building without success, and Mr. Eddy gave up all hopes of recovering it. Last week he was in the bazaars in Stamboul and tried to obtain a pearl to fit the body of the stud. As he could not find one which suited him, he told some of the bazaar touts to look out for a pearl of the size he wanted and bring it to him. Soon afterward a man came to his rooms and produced a pearl which he said was exactly what Mr. Eddy wanted, and he asked £35 for it. On examination Mr. Eddy was astonished to find it was his own, and proved it, to the consternation of the man, by fitting it to the broken setting in his possession. An attempt had been made to remove the portion of the setting attached to the pearl, but this had been abandoned for fear of breaking the gem. After some discussion the man declared he had paid £18 for it to a stranger, but when Mr. Eddy offered to ask the police to assist in finding him, he said he would manage by himself if Mr. Eddy would give a reward. This, of course he agreed to.—London Telegraph.

A BED-TIME SONG.

The cricket puts her wee children to bed,
By the firefly's tapering light;
The frog in the marsh croaks her baby to sleep
By the Will-o'-the-Wisp's taper white;
The jelly-fish holds her lamp for the whale,
As she cradles her child 'neath the sea;
By the starlight the squirrel cuddles her young,
In a leaf-lined hole in a tree.
But your mother sings, by the laughing fire,
Her darling to sleep on her breast
Of these different ways of going to bed,
Which one do you think is the best?

—May Stedman Harpel,
In Little Folks' Paper.

A Prayer for the Leader in Peril.

Lord, not yet! Let not the Master fall!
The temple that He buildeth, stone by stone,
No other hand may finish but His own,
And all the world awaits its rising wall.

Lord, not His! And if it must be life,
Then take thou mine! In pity for our needs,
Give all my years and strength to Him who leads,
And let me drop, unmated, from the strife.

Lord, not Him! And let Him never know—
Save in a deeper sense of life and truth—
How once the dark-winged angels sought his youth;
Or what the granted prayer that bade them go.

—Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.

Eugenie Not Writing Memoirs.

An authoritative denial has been given to the report that the Empress Eugenie is at work on her memoirs. M. Filon, formerly a tutor to the Prince Imperial and a close friend of Eugenie, says that there is no truth in the report, and furthermore the letters and despatches lately printed in the "Matin," instead of being new material, have already appeared in book form, and where they are not absolute forgeries they are incorrect through mistranslations of the cipher in which many of the despatches were written. The Empress, says M. Filon, will not write her memoirs because she does not care to recall the past and rouse the old animosities. The cherished idea of her life is to do justice to the memory of those she loved so well, but this can be done only by denouncing the guilty, which would bring misery to many that are innocent. This she, as a devout Christian, does not want to do. She prefers to trust to the future to rectify the faults of the past, as it must do. M. Filon's announcement certainly bears the stamp of authority, but it will be received with much regret, for Eugenie is able, as no one else, to clear off much of the great mystery that surrounds the last days of the Second Empire.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Marconi's Last Success.

He invented the wireless telegraph, and
belted the earth with thought—
He put out his hand, and the odds and
ends of miraculous things he caught!
And the thinkless thought was the think
that he thunk when he thought he
had captured a girl—
(Who concluded she wouldn't) and now
he will give the weddingless marriage a whirl.

—Baltimore News.

THE GRIST MILL.

KATE ROHRER CAIN.

Many people get lopsided from trying to pat bigger folk on the back.

Who scorns love inherits hate.

A child's voice—how sweet! In it Hope renews her promise of eternal youth.

There is no more fruitful breeder of kings than enforced fraternity.

Love finds replies to questions before which Reason is dumb.

Men's hands upheld by women's prayers are powers irresistible.